

THE LIGUORIAN



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THEY SAY

"I enjoy the Liguorian very much and can hardly wait for the time to get it each month."—Kansas City.

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"I certainly want to renew my subscription as I enjoy the Liguorian and would not think of giving up the reading of this Good Catholic magazine."—Chicago.

"I take this opportunity to tell you that I am delighted with the Liguorian and wish it great success."—Providence, R. I.

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XII.

OCTOBER, 1924

No. 10

The Golden West

Mid hours of grief,
When stunned and mute the beaten soul,
When tears,—grief's soothing,—will not roll,
When human words no solace bring:
Like chimes o'er rippling waters ring
The sweet notes of my rosary,
Ave Maria!

Mid hours of pain,
When dully ticks the clock by day,
And dawn seems an eternity away,
When throbbing temples dull the mind:
Like bells of heaven borne on the wind
Sounds the tinkling of my Rosary,—
Ave Maria!

Mid hours of toil,
When cares like beetling clouds appear,
When smiles are choked by anxious fear,
When counsel fails,—hope fades away:
Like sunlight through the sombre gray
Breaks the soft light of my Rosary,—
Ave Maria!

Mid hours of gloom,
When every effort seems but vain,
Ambition's buds by frost are slain,
When goals I've striven for seem lost:
Like shore-lights to the tempest-tossed
Comes the bright gleam of my Rosary,—
Ave Maria!

Mid hours of joy,
When pleasure laughs upon my way
And sweet success brightens my day,
When all I do by heaven seems blest:
Like purple sunset in the West
Sounds the calm strains of my Rosary,
Ave Maria!

Through all my life,—
Through childhood's pink and sunlit dawn,
Through years' swift current rushing on,—
Through joy and grief, through gloom and glow,
Through summer's dream and winter's snow,
Are woven the beads of my Rosary,
Ave Maria!

T. Z. Austin, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

"THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A WINDING"

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

Father Casey, on one of his regular parish rounds, dropped in as the three neighbor girls were executing (?), "There's a long, long trail a-winding." They broke off just at those words. Who knows—perhaps he had maliciously timed his entrance for that very moment in order to be able to point a moral. The fact is, he answered their hurried and confused greetings by repeating:

"Very appropriate indeed, very appropriate!"

Jennie and Margaret waited with respectful curiosity for the explanation they knew would be forthcoming. Not so, saucy, irrepressible Rose. Waiting was not her strong point. Her question flashed back—and it covered the entire field.

"What's appropriate to what?"

"Appropriate to some people's courtship—that ditty about the 'L-o-n-g, l-o-n-g trail a-winding,'" he said, drawling out the "long's" after such a fashion that the trail seemed fairly interminable.

Now, as a matter of history, Jennie's engagement with Paul Roswell dated back so far that even the interested parties themselves would have been put to no small difficulty to mention the day and the year, while Margaret and Stephen had been keeping company longer than any other couple in the community except Rose and Harry. From which it is evident that Father Casey's shot was intended to stir up something. It did.

"Is there any law forcing a person to get married if they don't want to?" snapped Rose.

"Absolutely none—but, if a person isn't going anywhere, a person ought to get off the train."

"I don't know whether I want to marry Harry or not."

"You ought to know after keeping company with him for over four years. Do you expect an angel to come down from heaven and tell you that you want him or that you don't want him?"

"I don't know what I expect. But you can't want a girl to marry a man unless she loves him. Whenever I see Harry getting sweet on some other girl, I think I love him desperately. And when he passes

up all the other girls and tags after me, I get sick of looking at him. Oh dear, I don't know what to do." And she heaved a great sigh of self-pity.

"If you don't know whether you love him or not, it will be extremely difficult for anybody else to tell you. All I should say it this: if you can't make up your mind to improve your lot, get rid of it, and give somebody else a chance. Don't block progress."

"We're engaged. I have a right to him. And so I am not doing injustice to anybody."

"You are doing injustice to Harry. A promise of that nature should be fulfilled within a reasonable time. A woman has no right to play fast and loose with the affections of any man. Harry should have been settled down as a married man long ago. It is your fault that he is not."

Here Jennie spoke up to exculpate herself.

"It is not my fault that Paul and I are not married. He keeps putting it off until he is able to support a family properly. He thinks too much of me to see me in need of anything I am accustomed to."

"If a man has no immediate prospects of being able to furnish food, clothing, and shelter to a family," said the priest, "he has no right to keep steady company with a girl, much less to become engaged to her."

"Oh, Paul could furnish food, clothing, and shelter to a family, all right. What I mean is live up to the standard of the people we associate with."

"There is another pagan idea that is demoralizing the country," cried Father Casey. "Everybody living beyond his means in order to keep up to the standard of somebody else that is living beyond his means. This craze is ruining homes, causing the violation of the laws of God and man, and driving people to despair and suicide. Why not humble yourself enough to be contented with the decent existence you are able to pay for and enjoy your modest home in peace?"

"I am ready enough to do that," replied Jennie frankly, "but I can't say: Come on, Paul, let's get married."

"Why can't you?"

"Oh, Father, you know it's not proper for a girl to do that?"

"It is proper. You are engaged. You are both equal parties to a contract. Either one of you can in all propriety urge upon the other

the timely fulfillment of the contract. It is far more proper for you to do that than to drag on an endless courtship until Paul's Ford, parked in front of your house, becomes a landmark for the town, like Washington's statue or the county jail. And as for waiting eternally until he has saved up enough to enable you to marry and live in the position you desire, is he ever going to succeed? Doesn't this same foolish emulation make him spend as much while he is courting you as would suffice to keep you both in economy and simplicity if you were married? Isn't it far better to begin your married life while you both have all the youthful enthusiasm that will serve as a shock absorber going over the bumps of wedded bliss, rather than to wait until it looks as though you were going into partnership to found an old folks' home? How can you enthuse over a 'Prince Charming' whom you have seen grow from youth into baldness and obesity during an interminable courtship?"

Rose had recovered and was back on the scene.

"I've heard you say yourself," she pouted, "that hasty marriages are unhappy."

"And I say so still," assented the priest. "But that is no argument for dilly dallying and postponing the marriage day until cobwebs collect on the orange blossoms and all your friends, while congratulating you, say to themselves: 'At last!'"

Rose's busy brain could find no new argument in her own defense, and so she tried to get somebody else into trouble.

"Father Tim, why don't you scold Margaret? She is just as bad as the rest of us."

"Scold Margaret! Why, child, I am not scolding anybody. Just making a few practical remarks with a view to supplying for your lack of experience."

"Then make some at her."

"Father Tim knows my case is different from that of you girls," explained precise Margaret. "My parents need me. That is the only reason I have been putting Stephen off so long."

"If your parents are in such serious need of your services that you cannot get married," said the priest, "you have no right to deprive any man of his liberty by becoming engaged to him. And as steady company keeping is lawful only in view of a probable marriage, within a reasonable time, you do wrong by even keeping steady company."

"Aha, Miss Margaret, you are not so perfect as you thought!" cried impetuous Rose.

"They don't need me so badly just now," Margaret hastened to explain, "but maybe something will happen, and then they will."

"Maybe! Maybe! Maybe a chunk will fall off the moon! Maybe William Jennings Bryan will be elected President! In the serious affairs of life we cannot be governed by 'maybe's.' If your parents need your undivided services now, or if there is solid reason to judge that they soon will, then you must sacrifice your desire to found a home of your own and give your services to them. But if it is only a 'maybe,' then you should disregard it and embrace the state of life for which you think you were intended."

"That is what Stephen has been saying all along. I should like to do so myself, but papa and mama won't consent to my leaving them."

"My child, the law of God commands you to obey your parents. But it does not command you to obey them in everything. It commands you to obey them only in the things in which they have a right to give orders. They have absolutely no right to give you orders regarding the person or the time you are to marry. You are of age. It is your own life's happiness that is at stake, and therefore it is for you to make the decision. Of course it is your duty to take counsel with your parents, to tell them of your plans, to listen with respect and an open mind to any reasons they may suggest to the contrary. But if, after carefully weighing all they have said, you still prudently judge that your own plan is most conducive to your enduring happiness, you are perfectly justified in following it, and your parents would do wrong in trying to prevent you. Therefore, if you want to stay with your parents, release the man; if you want the man, leave your parents, and marry the man. You have been on the fence long enough."

"Why, is a long courtship wrong?"

"Of course it is wrong. Your own sense of Christian propriety ought to tell you that. For a Christian maiden to live on the intimate terms, connoted by steady company keeping, with a man who is not her husband, is something that can be justified only by serious necessity. The only case of necessity is where the man and woman in question honestly wish to become sufficiently well acquainted to judge whether they should become man and wife. For this a courtship of reasonable duration is sufficient. If they follow the rules of prudence and piety,

God will protect them. But if they go beyond this, they cannot expect His protection, for they are tempting God. They compromise themselves, distort the true idea of courtship, and lessen the hope of a future happy marriage with anybody."

"How long is a courtship of reasonable duration?"

"That is like asking: how long is a piece of string? It all depends on the circumstances," said Father Casey.

The Paths of Light

ROSALIE MARIE LEVY: CONVERT.

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

Recently there came into my hands a small brochure of about 80 pages entitled: The Heavenly Road. It is the account of the conversion of a Jewish lady to the Catholic Church. It proved very interesting for several reasons.

Protestantism reminds one of a child gone bad and run away from home: it knew its mother's sweetness and the grandeur of its parental home—and there lurks in it a spark that can be awakened again. Judaism, however, is like a child by a former marriage and lost in infancy. It never saw its mother and the glory of her house. The viewpoints of both are very different.

Moreover, it is traditional that conversions of Jews are difficult and rare.

One wonders therefore how the light would come to one of these children of the Old Testament—upon whom the light of Christ never shone.

FELLOW TRAVELLERS

We must not be deceived, however, by our traditional views into thinking that converts from Judaism are few and inconsiderable. On the contrary.

Miss Levy, in an appendix to her story, gives us a list sufficient to disabuse us of any such idea. Whether the thought of all who travelled "The Heavenly Road" from Jerusalem to Rome before her was with her in her struggle toward the light, I know not. But evidently she felt herself afterward in good company.

The list is too long to repeat; but we cannot help calling attention to some names that have won universal esteem. In this list all classes

—but especially the highest are represented. There are captains of thought and art as well as captains of industry. We find among these converts for instance, that remarkable woman, Dorothea Mendelssohn, daughter of the philosopher Mendelssohn, and aunt of the renowned composer, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Her letters are among the most beautiful that literature has preserved.

Philip Veit, one of the greatest artists of the Romanticist school; David Paul Drach, author and learned Rabbi at Paris; Johan Emmanuel Veith, famous physician and preacher.

There is Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne, a lawyer and a banker, of whom his biographer says, "Though nominally a Jew, he was a radical infidel, a scoffer at religion, and after the conversion of his brother Theodore, a rabid enemy of everything Catholic." Both he and his brother became priests: Theodore founded the Sisters of Our Lady of Sion for the Christian education of Jewish boys and girls—and Alphonse, the Fathers of Sion, who labored for the conversion of the Jews. Herman Cohen, merchant—after his conversion, priest and Carmelite.

Julian Klaczko—"by far the most powerful intellect and the most brilliant writer of Poland during the latter half of the nineteenth century."

Sir Ernest Cassel, London financier.

These names must suffice for the present.

FAR FROM HOME

Marie Rosalie Levy gives her history in the briefest form. She outlines the reasons which apparently brought her to see that Christ was the Messiah and God.

"It was in 1912," Miss Levy begins her story, "that God bestowed upon me the gift of Faith, which enabled me to believe in His Divine Son and the doctrines of His Church."

She then gives us some data of her family life and education, enough to let us see the gentle yet far-reaching influence of Providence in her career.

She came of a sturdy Jewish family. "Our home," she says, "was in a small southern town near New Orleans, which we often visited, especially during Mardi-Gras. There were four children, three girls and a boy; the eldest, a girl, dying during infancy. Our early studies were pursued at home under the careful direction of my mother who

conducted a select private school. My parents being Jews, brought up their children in accordance with the tenets of the Jewish religion. I was sent to the Sabbath School and learned the Jewish doctrines, and regularly attended service in the synagogue on Friday evenings and Saturday mornings and on all holidays."

Anyone who realizes how deeply convictions gained in early childhood settle in the soul, how readily prejudices are implanted and how firmly they strike root, will recognize how far Miss Levy was from home at this time. It almost makes one wonder by what devious path the light came to her.

DISTANT STARS

Hedged in as she was by Jewish custom and education, faint glimmerings of the light—like distant stars, nevertheless reached her.

She must have been a singularly open, honest character, capable of seeing the good in others, else the grace of God could not have worked so quietly and yet efficaciously in her.

The first impressions were made on her through the instrumentality of Catholic friends. She records the following:

"From early youth, I felt very kindly towards everything Catholic, and occasionally went to services with friends belonging to the Catholic Church. I did not understand any of the ritual but enjoyed being present, as it was all very impressive and devotional. Many were the times that I heard my mother speak of her bridesmaid, a charming Jewish girl, who, a few years later, became a Catholic."

This companionship, apparently, made her think and take some trouble to familiarize herself with the New Testament. For she says:

"I often wondered why the Jews did not believe that Christ is God, since it was the belief of so many Christians. Though with those of my creed, I believed as I had been taught, that the Messiah had not yet come, I often thought that if He had appeared on earth, surely the Christ of the New Testament must be He, for Christ could not be surpassed in goodness, love, and attractiveness."

AT A PRESBYTERIAN SCHOOL

The title almost astonishes us. A Presbyterian school would hardly seem to be a stepping-stone to the Church. Yet it brought impressions and experiences that brought her nearer to her goal.

"At the age of fourteen I was sent to a non-sectarian boarding school in New Orleans. The principal, a Presbyterian, was very

cultured and pious, and she required the pupils to attend service in the church of their parents on the Lord's Day. I always went to the Synagogue on Saturdays; but occasionally heard mass at the Catholic Church on Sundays with the girls of that Faith."

It was here, too, that through friendship with a Catholic girl she accidentally came to experience the efficacy of the intercession of the saints. Her Catholic friend said she was going to make a novena to St. Anthony to obtain a special favor.

"I wish you would make one for me, too," said Miss Levy, "for I am desirous of securing a great favor."

"Why, you can make one for yourself," replied the Catholic girl, "if you wish."

"I will make the novena," was Miss Levy's response, "if you will tell me how to do it."

The Catholic girl at once gave the desired instruction, the novena was made, the favor granted. The result was that the Jewish girl acquired a great devotion to St. Anthony.

It is really strange by what little things, unimportant steps, grace enters hearts.

MATURER IMPRESSIONS

The Christian example of Catholic friends continued to play its part in the scheme of Providence.

In the fall of 1906, Rosalie Levy met a young widow—a fervent Catholic—a friend of her mother's. They became devoted to each other. This woman was an invalid and, as our convert says, "the sweet patience and resignation to God's will with which she bore her sufferings and helplessness, touched me deeply and gave me many serious thoughts."

By this time, Miss Levy had become dissatisfied with Jewish worship—"It seemed cold, as if everything essential were lacking." Consequently, she seldom entered the synagogue. This did not escape the notice of her new friend. Though she seldom talked of religion, she tried to impress on the Jewish girl the necessity of giving one day in seven to the worship of God. Miss Levy was prevented by her secretarial work from attending the synagogue on Saturdays, so she went to the Catholic Church on Sundays. There Our Lord's influence continued to do its work in her soul.

At this time, she could write of herself :

"There was evidently in my mind a growing affection for the Catholic Church. I could not hear anyone speak against it, and whenever possible, I defended it as well as I knew how."

And yet, she had to add: "But the thought of becoming a Catholic had not yet entered my mind." She still went to the Synagogue, although but rarely, and though afflicted with doubts, she still clung to her Jewish faith. There was one sign of hope. She could say: "I had great faith in prayer, and often went alone to the Catholic Church.

LIGHT AHEAD

In 1910 she came to Washington, D. C., to accept a position in the Government service. Here she frequently attended mass at St. Patrick's Church.

One Sunday a Catholic lady whom she had met, saw her leaving the Church and said to her:

"Why I did not know that you were a Catholic."

"I am not," replied Miss Levy, "but I should like to know something of the doctrines you believe."

Her friend at once offered to bring her to the Sisters of Notre Dame for instructions. Miss Levy hesitated. But when the Catholic lady assured her that she would not have to become a Catholic unless she desired, and that she would not even be received unless she really believed all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, she consented to go. This was in May, 1912.

She was now nearer than she dreamed.

THE BURNING QUESTION

The experience which she had had with the intercession of the saints, had already established in Miss Levy's mind a presumption that all the other teachings of the church must be true. Serious investigation convinced her that Jesus Christ was the founder of the Church.

But the burning and decisive question was: Is Christ God? Is He the promised Messiah?

"If I could be convinced that Christ is God," she said, "that would be enough for me for in that case I could never doubt any of His teachings."

This, then, became the burden of her investigations. Meanwhile she prayed much. "I fervently prayed to God to give me the grace

to know and courage to embrace the Truth, whatever difficulties might beset me."

This is the one theme that she develops in her book, in which she reveals the simple but logical and direct lines which her investigation took.

But there were clouds.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

With the modesty characteristic of her whole narrative, Miss Levy refers little to the trials and struggles which tried the sincerity of her search for truth. But one reference occurs and I think it worth while quoting, because she came very near seeking the wrong settlement.

"I told a Catholic friend," she writes, "that I was thinking of becoming a member of her Church, and, strange to say, she discouraged, rather than encouraged me, as she tried to point out the sorrow I would bring upon my family if I would take the step."

"I realized this," she continues and who can tell the heartaches it must have caused, the hesitation and anxiety it must have brought upon her. Nor were her anxieties groundless as the sequel will show. Yet she says:

"But I felt my first duty was to God, and I was perfectly willing to make any sacrifice, if necessary, in order to please Him. However, I asked for a visible sign so that I might be sure I was doing right."

This demand might have proved fatal. But God recognizing the simplicity and sincerity that prompted the request spoke to her heart and corrected her.

"While praying thus one day," the narrative continues, "before His altar throne, I recalled the words of St. Thomas: 'Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe.' It seemed to me as if Our Lord spoke to me as He did to St. Thomas on that memorable occasion. 'Because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed; *blessed are they that have not seen and have believed.*' Jesus had spoken to me from His tabernacle home and given me courage and peace. Therefore, after the removal of my great doubt, my mind eagerly drank in Catholic teaching."

IN THE FULL LIGHT

Indeed shortly after, on the eve of the Feast of the Assumption

of Our Lady, Aug. 4, 1912, she was baptized. Next day she received her first Holy Communion and Confirmation.

First there was supreme joy. "It is impossible for me," she says, "to express how happy I have been since I entered the bosom of the Catholic Church."

The cross soon waited upon her—but in the light it was glorious.

"Hardest of all to bear," she tells us, "were the reproaches of my parents, who could not and would not understand why I should leave the Jewish religion and enter the fold of the Catholic Church."

"Painful, too, was the severing of ties which had for years bound my heart in tender sympathy with friends who, notwithstanding their affection for me, could not tolerate the fact of my change of faith, and consequently felt obliged to treat the new-made Christian as a stranger."

It did not shake her faith, it only served to deepen her convictions and made her pray that they also might see the light as God had designed to let it shine on her.

It was to help in bringing this about that she published the story of her conversion and the train of thought which finally led her into the Church.

(To be continued.)

WORTH WHILE

September 14-20 was called Constitution Week. As such it was celebrated in many cities and schools. The purpose of the celebration, as announced, was "to re-establish the Constitution of the United States and the principles and ideals of our government in the minds and hearts of the people."

We cannot help thinking that it would do a great many people much good to take the Constitution and read it carefully.

Just now we see efforts made in several states to make of it a mere scrap of paper. Th "liberty" which it gives to all—is to be taken away from us Catholics. The schools we built at such sacrifices are to be closed in our faces.

They shout about the Constitution—they celebrate it—but it is mere fireworks. Give them another "Constitution Week"—they seem to be feeble-minded and slow of comprehension.

The Street with the Bar and Chain

A NEW STORY OF AN OLD CITY

J. W. BRENNAN, C. Ss. R.

A very modern taxicab with a very pronounced shade of yellow for its characteristic color swung out of a dark side-street whose grimy buildings with faded white stone fronts and window-blinds hung awry and bleached doors and cracked steps spoke of the days of beauty and glory long since past, into the swirling evening traffic of the very modern Grand Avenue of old St. Louis. In and out through the tide of vehicles, the gaudy automobile twisted and turned, missing by a hair's breadth machines parked too far from the curb, shooting in front of the slower street cars with so little space to spare that motormen instinctively threw on the air-brakes, then swore softly at the vanishing comet, till with a flourish acquired by long practice, the driver swung it into the curb and came to a halt while his service-brake screamed like an animal in agony.

An elderly man stepped gingerly out of the machine, spoke a hurried word to the driver and turned to make his way across the street. The driver settled back in his seat and prepared to smoke. Waiting for a passenger was the easiest way he had of earning money. He grinned as he watched his passenger run and jump and halt and dodge as he traversed the few yards that separated him from the opposite curb. The cane he carried mattered little to him in the journey; the rheumatism in his legs was forgotten when it came to clearing the last lap of the trip in a flying leap while a passing automobile brushed his coat-tails.

He paused for breath and surveyed his surroundings. There was no doubt about it; this was the place. Sheltered beneath the overhanging arms of giant trees that grew within the iron palings separating this select block from the more business-like and hence less artistic avenue, a giant stone arch, modelled on the lines of the triumphal arches of old Rome, raised its graceful mass in protest against the invasion of moving-picture theatres, clothing shops, confectionary stores and other edifices of their kind, homes of the money-changer, temples of the dollar-god.

Framed in the outlines of the arch, the avenue within, with its tall,

overhanging oaks and its sweeping lawns, with occasional glimpses of dignified residences featuring the lavish architecture of years ago—battlemented turrets, endless gables, porches wandering around entire buildings, and all in stone darkened now with age and the smoke of a busy city; the view seemed like the chef d'oeuvre of an unknown master hung in an out of the way corner of a museum. The old man's eye glittered as he stepped out of the noise and bustle into the picture; he was stepping back into his youth.

In the dim light of the scattered street-lamps, he found his way to a house, larger than the rest and set farther back from the street. A hall lamp illumined the number from within. With a nod of satisfaction, a nod that had in it a trifle more determination than the occasion demanded, he strode up the old granitoid walk, flanked by boxed hedges and guarded by two watchdogs in stone, ascended the broad stairs with his can clicking sharply on each as he went, and rang the bell that had supplanted the old brass knocker.

A maid led him into the drawing room and left to summon her mistress.

As he sank into a comfortable chair, he found himself staring into the pallid features of a girl he had known long ago; but paleness was due to the artist's paint and the girl existed only on canvas. He recalled how he had come here, stood beneath these same crimson tapestries and offered the picture's original his heart and his hand, and with them the wealth and prestige of the Collyers. And was refused! His friend the Archbishop had been willing to give a dispensation, he had offered to sign documents of any description;—George! how he had loved that girl. And she had told him quietly and firmly that no LaPrudhomme had ever married outside the Church, and none would if she could help it. His eyes blazed and his upper lip tightened till the close-cropped white mustache that fringed it trembled. He had married, and she had married and now his son was going to make a fool of himself for her daughter—. The portieres parted.

"Miss Prudhomme?" How strikingly she resembled the person in the portrait.

"Mr. Collyer?" she answered smiling. "I know you from Robert; you are strikingly similar—and you know, he is handsome."

The stern face was forced to relax. Times had changed. Now in the other days, a young lady would never have addressed a stranger

thus. And he was a stranger. Had been one since that event of years ago when he had left the city never to return. And he had made reservation for his return to Virginia the following day. He thought of cancelling the reservation. This modern young lady with the black lustrous hair and dark eyes of her mother but with the lithe, athletic figure of a girl accustomed to swimming that was more than a mere promenade on the sand and to games of tennis and basketball that were more than child's play, promised to be a capable opponent in his present business.

"And if I had not known of you before, I would have known you from your mother's picture. I knew Madeleine well."

"And you know Madeleine now also," as she led back to the chair he had vacated.

"Miss Prudhomme," he began abruptly, "my errand this evening is not a social call. I have been given to understand that my son has been visiting you, in short that he plans on marrying you, assuming that you are willing."

She flushed angrily at his tone, but murmured, "Robert is a nice boy and I like him."

"You know, of course, that he is a Protestant?"

"Of course!"

"I may as well tell you that I am opposed to this marriage. Robert is all I have and I do not intend to see his prospects injured. As you know he is finishing his course in medicine in the University here with the intention of practicing in our home-town. And the vicinity in which we live still retains the traditions handed down by our Pilgrim ancestors. Robert possibly does not realize this; and in any case marriage is out of the question." The girl's steady gaze disconcerted the old man, the ideas he had concocted on the train would not take verbal shape.

"Perhaps you would like to discuss that with him, Mr. Collyer; I expect him any moment." She barely restrained a smile at his discomfiture.

"I would rather discuss it with you. That young brat hasn't enough sense to realize that there are other things to be considered in life beside a girl's smile."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that; Robert is being graduated at the head of his class!"

Mr. Collyer's temper was rising. It seemed as though the form in the painting had come back to life to taunt him and play with him, then toss him aside once more.

"What is more, Mr. Collyer, I know Robert well, and I love him and I am not going to lose him if I can help it. I know my mother's story in part; I know that from the dawn of recollection till the day I saw her alive for the last time, I never saw her smile a real smile. She loved but one man in her life and she lost him. It was a matter of religion, and she made a sacrifice for a principle; and she handed that principle down to me. But times have changed; good husbands are not found by the wayside."

"But, I don't understand;—how—how—"

"How will I do it? Quite simple, Mr. Collyer. I'll make a Catholic of him; and he will make a good one, too!"

Her visitor jumped to his feet, his hands clenched, his lips trembling with the vituperation that courtesy forbade to be uttered.

"You—you would not only have him jeopardize his career!"

The girl smiled sardonically.

"Is it possible that a man's religion can endanger his career? Then I take back at least part of what I said, Mr. Collyer times have not changed so very much." The sarcasm was not lost on the old man. He jumped to his feet, snatched his hat from a table on which he had placed it on entering, seized his cane and prepared to leave.

"Your mother had the religious complex too, but she would never use her charm and charm she possessed—to inflict that craze on someone else. She—" He realized that he would soon be saying too much.

"Mr. Collyer, you may take it from me that neither your son nor any man will become a Catholic against his will, it isn't done you know for the simple reason that it can't be done. And if your son becomes a Catholic you may lay it to a two-fold cause; common sense and the Grace of God."

She had arisen when he did and was standing in front of the long painting of her mother. There was no smile on her face now. Dignity added to youth and beauty and the indefinable expression given by a life of virtue gave her an appearance that stilled his angry retort on his lips. He stared from her to the painting. Both seemed to be looking through and through and somehow he felt that the

scrutiny was discovering elements in his character of which he could not be proud. And yet he could not bring himself to retreat.

Out on Grand Avenue, the tide of humanity and vehicles had reached the height of its flow. The drowsy cab-driver ached for activity. Waiting was easy but he preferred to break the monotony with at least an occasional hurried summons. He had finished his last cigarette and was contemplating the purchase of more when two girls aimlessly meandering along the sidewalk attracted his attention. Time passed quickly on the wings of flirtation.

Meanwhile another cab, deep brown in hue, roared its way into the moving stream, swerved in and out in approved fashion, came to a screeching stop immediately in front of the yellow cab, then backed into the curb. A young man dressed in a suit of summer grey that brought in favorable relief his powerful shoulders and well-knit figure, jumped hurriedly from the cab, gave a few words of direction to the driver and started on his tortuous way across the street.

He, too, paused thoughtfully before the graceful stone arch marking the entrance into the dark street. But his eyes were not contemplating the beauties of the carving nor the historical significance of the outline. The sturdy chain with the large padlock was the subject of his study.

"I wonder if it can be opened," he muttered.

"Sure can," answered a shrill voice from the direction of the chain. Rather startled at the sudden response to what he had intended to be merely thought, he regarded the chain more carefully. With both arms and legs twined around the clumsy links, a small boy was endeavoring to wind himself into a state of coma. "I seen a guy down the street open it this morning and drive through. Ain't no lock that can't be opened somehow.

"Could you find that man if a quarter were offered you?"

"You bet, mister; and I can get him here for fifty cents."

The young man considered the lad for a moment. He looked honest enough and he resolved to take a chance.

"Here's your quarter for the beginning. Get that fellow here as soon as you can; then come up to that big house over there and stand outside. When I tell you, scoot back here as fast as you can and call that brown cab over there. Got it straight?"

"I'll say! but what is this anyway, a reform school game?"

"Nothing like that sonny," laughed the man. "Just a game of blind man's buff and 'cheese it' and I'm it for the present. Run along now and do your stuff."

Mr. Collyer had reached the door in his strategic retreat when the bell rang. The shrill echoes in the empty halls of the house sent a chill through him.

"That must be your son now," remarked the girl with a grim smile. "Would you care to step inside and wait for him. We'll make an interesting threesome I imagine."

Before he could answer, the maid slipped past him and began to open the heavy door. Mr. Collyer, suddenly panic-stricken, slipped behind some portieres. He had not seen his son for almost a year, he had been 'too busy' to return home for the Christmas and Easter vacations. The old man thought bitterly of those occasions, now that he surmised the nature of his son's business.

"Prompt? Am I not?" Robert Collyer gayly exclaimed as he entered.

"Yes; you are not," answered the girl laughing.

"But you were waiting here."

"Oh; I had a visitor, a most interesting young man."

"Young!"

"Well, age is a relative matter."

"At that rate, Madeleine, I did right this evening. I have everything set. Outside on Grand Avenue a taxi is parked awaiting my bidding. The old knights may have thought they were cute speeding along on their chargers away from their lady's castle; I wish they could see the speed merchant I have engaged."

The portiere stirred uneasily. The girl noticed it and was alarmed.

"If you are thinking of eloping, Robert, better start; but you will go alone as far as I am concerned."

"Pshaw! Who mentioned elopement? Let's go in and talk things over at our ease." The girl hesitated. She was undecided whether to laugh or cry over the situation that had arisen. Such an impasse. If she could only reach her maid for a moment! But that discreet young lady had vanished within the farther recesses of the mansion; and the rest were out for the evening. As she glanced thoughtfully at the floor, her eye rested on the shiny tip of a well-polished boot. That settled her mind. With a smile that but poorly expressed her real

feelings, she escorted Robert into the room and the very chair his father had vacated a few minutes previously.

"Gee-rusalem, Madeleine," exclaimed the young man suddenly as he glanced from her to the painting before which she was sitting. "How you do look like your mother! And that brings me to the point at once. I learned from one of my father's old classmates—you know the clan are gathering for the reunion around graduation day—that at one time in his career, Dad was a rather frequent visitor in this section of St. Louis. In fact, if all the dope is right—you can't trust these old grads, you know—he once proposed to your mother. Why, what's the matter?"

The girl had started with surprise. Tears filled her eyes. She could hardly repress the emotion that stirred her.

"That explains much, Robert. Almost too much. Mama never told me all that she knew and all I know is what I saw myself. Many a time I have seen her alone in her room, looking out at the street and down toward the big, old arch you must have seen as you entered. I suspected that there was something in her youth connected with it. She kept her memories to herself; maybe Daddy knew, but he said nothing. He was good."

"But, Madeleine, I wonder what spoiled the affair?"

The girl did not answer. Her face was hid in her hands; her lips were moving in a little prayer for strength.

"Robert, I know what caused mother to refuse your father. It is a tradition in our family that none has ever married out of the Church. And Mother held to the tradition; that is all."

"But is it only a matter of family tradition? Why, Madeleine, how can a family be reasonably more strict than the Church itself, and there is a dispensation or something, if I understand it rightly."

The girl hesitated, then with a shrug of determination, arose.

"It is more than a tradition, Robert; there is reason for the Church's law. But where many find cause to evade the law, our family has always obeyed it. Mother did, and I shall. I guess that settles everything."

The portiere stirred but neither noticed it.

"Yes, it settles everything for me," responded Robert heartily. "I hate tradition worship; I saw how it soured my father's life. I associate it with dungeons and barred windows and mediaevalism and

narrowness; but I love principle. So I started out to find out something about the Church and I learned a pile. One of my classmates was up on the subject—something I can't say for all the Catholic students—and I discovered how little my father knew about it. Why, he swallowed that bogus K. of C. oath, hoof and all; and he sponsored a convent inspection bill in our state which happily failed to pass the House and he even joined the Klan till he found that they were squabbling over the division of the spoils. What he doesn't know about the Catholic Church is pretty nearly all that can be known. Now, here's the thing." He leaned forward confidentially.

"Dad is due in town today, this evening, in fact. I left a message for him at my rooms. He will be there when I get back to announce our engagement—yes, we'll be engaged by that time. And in case things go wrong and he finds out where I am, I have the taxi I mentioned all ready to take me up the street to that church with the big stone steeple. It always caught my attention, you know; so symbolical of strength combined with beauty. And with you to give me an introduction to some clergyman there, I intend to begin my course of instructions. Come on, get your hat; we've little time to spare."

Madeleine glanced toward the door in dismay. The portiere was swinging wide across the open space. A gust of damp evening air entered the room. The door closed softly. Robert looked at her in amazement.

"Your father—was here."

Robert jumped to the door, and found his small boy winding himself around the iron railing.

"Beat it, kid, and get that machine here. Speed is what I mean." The boy slid to the ground and cut across the lawns to the Avenue.

"We'll have to hurry, Madeleine. I know my Father and there is no hatred like the burning hatred of ignorant bigotry. He may cause a disturbance but we can beat him and then let him think it over. Dad's all right; he merely does not know. We'll have to blame his ancestors.

As the brown cab passed under the arch, Robert blew it a kiss.

"It means, 'Victory,' dear. Say, what will your aunt say?"

"I don't know, Robert. But that does not matter now; it's too late to tell her. Look over there; your father is having a time waking up that driver."

While the driver of the yellow cab grumblingly started his machine,

Mr. Collyer did some swift thinking. Across the avenue, the stone arch stared at him. Below it, the chain swung with its padlock. A small boy rode astride it, whistling merrily. In the dusk a man slipped quietly away.

"Times change," he muttered, "but no, they don't. We do the changing. Say driver, when you wake up the machine, drive me down to that church with the big stone steeple."

"The 'Rock'?"

"Yes; the 'Rock', if that is what it is. They are all rock, hard rock, immovable rock, impregnable rock, changeless rock. Go ahead, move; I want to get a look at the damn thing."

Afterwards, as they were approaching the now famous arch, Mr. Collyer startled the bridal couple by calling the driver to stop.

"I believe the blame thing is laughing at me. Even the white bunting around it can't hide that grin. Hey, driver, wait a minute; let me out. I'll be back in a few minutes, folks. Go ahead and be merry."

He returned just before the breakfast was served.

"I've settled that question about time and change," he announced abruptly. "I did the changing. And so, young lady of long ago," he was facing the painting he knew so well, "you've won, at last."

And he kissed the bride.

THANKS!

The Rev. Mr. Davies, a Presbyterian clergyman, in a public address, made the following remarks:

"With regard to religious instruction, I believe that three-quarters of the child's education, up to seven years of age, should be religious. Therefore I believe religious instruction should be imparted by the schools. Up to seven years of age, the spiritual faculties of the child can best be ministered to. I have always admired the businesslike and scientific way the Church of Rome deals with the question of educating the child."

Businesslike and scientific!

How easy it is to pray for favors and receive them; how hard to recall the corresponding obligation of gratitude.

For Better For Worse

A CHAPTER ON MIXED MARRIAGES

A. A. THOMAS, C.Ss.R.

By a Mixed Marriage, in the language of Church Law, is meant a marriage in which one party is a Catholic and the other a baptized non-Catholic.

In ordinary language, however, the term is frequently used for marriages between a Catholic and a non-Catholic, whether baptized or not baptized.

The Law of the Church in regard to such marriages is frequently misunderstood and often maligned. And while intelligent non-Catholics see the correctness and even benefits of the Church's law, many Catholics, to put it mildly, feel like apologizing for the Church's supposed rudeness. They have not looked into the matter deeply enough. Marriage is so serious a matter that mere sentimentality must not be allowed to warp our judgment.

It will be well, then, to consider the Law of the Church in regard to mixed marriages; the foundations of this law; and our conduct toward it.

THE LAW OF THE CHURCH

1. In the first place we must note that the Church expressly supposes the existence of a divine law forbidding mixed marriages in as far as they are a menace to the Faith of the Catholic party. The Church merely applies and enforces this law.

2. By her law, a marriage with a non-Catholic who is not baptized is invalid in her eyes, unless a dispensation has been obtained from the Pope through the Bishop.

3. By her law, further, a marriage of a Catholic with a person baptized in any Protestant denomination is not invalid, all other conditions being duly fulfilled, but is forbidden and hence sinful, unless, for a good reason, permission is secured from competent authority.

4. When the Church does permit such marriages, she is obliged, by her divine commission, to demand certain safeguards for the happiness and spiritual good of the Catholic party and children.

These safeguards are: That the Catholic party will not be prevented in the exercise of his or her Faith; that all the children will be

brought up in the Catholic Faith; that there be a sufficient reason to justify the Church in granting the permission (for she cannot act arbitrarily in the matter); that there be satisfactory grounds for believing that these safeguards will be kept.

Besides, in some dioceses, it is required that the non-Catholic party take a course of instruction in our Faith, not for the purpose of conversion, but that the non-Catholic party may be fully aware of what the Catholic party believes and holds, and so to build up a better understanding between them.

5. Even when the Church grants this permission and the necessary promises are given, the marriage may not ordinarily take place in a church and there may not be a nuptial Mass or the nuptial blessing.

THE FOUNDATION OF THIS LAW

As has already been said, God Himself forbids such marriages in as far as they bring with them serious danger to Faith. The Church's one concern is to secure the fulfillment of this divine law, which means so much for the happiness of the married parties.

WHAT IT IS NOT

This law of the Church is not founded on hatred or bigotry. The Ku Klux Klan hates the Jews, Catholics and Negroes. And out of pure hatred and narrow bigotry is determined to keep Catholics from sharing in the benefits of this country which they have helped to build and preserve.

They forbid us, or try to forbid our holding office, our voting, our sharing in the government. They try to forbid our belonging to the American nation; they even go so far as to try to prevent us from living in the United States. They want to reserve our land and our country for native Americans and Protestants. And this for no reason whatsoever except hatred and bigotry. They want to deprive us of civil rights, not for civil reasons, but for religious reasons.

The Church is not influenced by hatred in making her law. She loves all people and would wish to see all in the Church, the means of salvation established by Christ. She is in the world for the salvation of all souls, not only those actually belonging to her, but also of those outside her fold. "Other sheep I have and them also must I bring in, that so there may be but one flock and one shepherd," said Our Lord; and this is also the purpose and aim of the Church.

If, then, she makes any law of this kind, it is only for the good of her own children and for the good of others.

Nor is the basis of this law any kind of Pharisaism. The Church does not make the law because she considers that all who are not Catholics by profession are wicked or lost.

Not by any means. This is a calumny, which, it is true, is often uttered against the Church; but it is a downright falsehood; it can be uttered by no one who knows anything about the teaching of the Church.

The Church holds and admits that many outside her fold are in good faith; that they believe they are in the right and try to serve God as best they can and as faithfully as they can. And the Church holds that such are saved and belong in spirit to her.

Nor is the Church, in making the law against mixed marriages, influenced by any kind of a nonsensical "better-than-thou" spirit. She is not Puritanic. She holds that no matter how wrong Protestantism may be, no matter how empty and devoid of means of salvation all other denominations may be as systems, all individuals who are doing their best with God's grace, are as good and even better than individual Catholics who may be careless, and better by far, morally, than bad Catholics.

Nor does she forbid them in a tyrannical way, making no exceptions to the law whatsoever.

When there are good grounds, or when once things have gone so far that the mixed marriage seems unavoidable, she willingly listens to reason, and permits the marriage to go on—her one concern, then, being to prevent all the bad results that might flow from it—doing everything in her power to make of that marriage which was begun under such a handicap, still turn out to be a happy marriage for all parties concerned: husband, wife and children.

No, the Church has nothing whatsoever against individuals. She does not judge them at all. She does not object to the non-Catholic young man or young woman. Not at all. She leaves his qualities to your judgment. She admits all his or her excellencies; she esteems them and loves their immortal souls with the same love that Our Lord had for them on Calvary.

But the Church does object to your Union with non-Catholics. It is your union in marriage that she dreads as something harmful—not

to her, for Our Lord said: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her"—but to the parties of the marriage; because she realizes that such a union has the unfortunate capability of proving the deadliest poison to the happiness of the Catholic and the non-Catholic, a source of eternal ruin to wife, husband and children.

It is not a matter of choice with the Church; not a matter of mere policy. It is a downright duty for her. She cannot hold back. No matter how much it costs her, she must forbid mixed marriages.

It is not hatred, therefore, it is not Pharisaism, it is not a Puritanic better-than-thou attitude that impels the Church to forbid mixed marriages. It is simply her character, her purpose given her by Christ: to secure the eternal welfare and salvation of all men and especially of all who call themselves her children. She is a Mother.

That this is so, will be clear to you if only you think seriously and deeply enough.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BACK TO WORK

With the passing of vacation and its rest hours and its trips to woodland and shore—and its Retreats, school and office and factory are again humming with activity.

This year, summer brought special occasions for making unusual choices to many of the Catholic public. Three days in Retreat or three days of loafing in delightful ease. A tremendous choice in some minds; no choice at all in the minds of many. Some of the latter never even considered the Retreat. Some never considered the idle loafing.

But work begins again, ten or eleven months of it.

Who is the better prepared. Who is better fitted to take up the work of the year, with its worries, its discouragements, its responsibilities? Who is better fitted to renew the battle of life with its trials and temptations? The man and the woman who lolled in the enervating ease of a summer resort, or the man and woman who devoted a few earnest hours to the contemplation of the meaning of life and eternity in the holy silence of Retreat?

By their fruits shall ye know them.

The Shrimp Becomes a Whale

CHAPTER III. THE SHRIMP SHAKES OFF HIS SHELL

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

Those who beheld Judge Mulrean only on the judicial bench and had never peeped into the sanctuary of his home did not know the real man, who seemed to doff all the tenderness that made him loved by thousands outside the court, when he donned his robe of office and mounted the dais. Stern and relentless, yes apparently even harsh in his dealings with criminals; outside the court his benefactions to worthy charities were well known, his loyalty to friends admired, and his power of relaxing and enjoying every moment of his leisure hours in the quiet of his home in the company of his motherless daughter Irene was the envy of less privileged associates. Stern, rigid, and strictly just in the pursuance of his duties—a policy from which no friend, however tried and true, could sway him, nevertheless, in this, as we have seen, as in all things else, he was as wax in the hands of his daughter. Had Irene Mulrean not been possessed of infinite common sense, she might have been badly spoiled, for her father denied her not a single wish. To say she returned the love her father showered on her is to state the case mildly at least. Gaiety and the dizzy whirl of social life might lead her girl friends to dissipate the golden hours of youth, but to Irene Mulrean, an evening at home with her father was supreme enjoyment. Parent, friend, confidant, Irene found them all in her “favorite chum” as she styled her father.

One cold night in March, Irene sat before the open fireplace in the Mulrean mansion on Washington Heights. A cheery gas flame, kindled beneath fireproof logs, gave an old fashioned appearance to what was really a very modern comfort. The Judge sat ensconced in an easy chair apparently absorbed in a magazine—whilst his daughter sat huddled cozily at his feet staring into the fireplace, an open letter in her hand. From time to time, the judge glanced quizzically at Irene, with a twinkle in his steel gray eye, showing he was not nearly so absorbed as he pretended. Finally Irene glancing up, caught his eye and laughed merrily.

“Daddy, you dear old rascal,” she said, rising and perching herself on the arm of his chair and rumpling his snow white hair affectionately,

"I do believe you've been watching me for the last half hour, all the time you've been so hypocritically pretending to read that magazine I bought for you today."

"Your reverie seemed too sweet to interrupt," said the judge chuckling. "Another letter from Dan, eh?"

Irene nodded.

"Any news of special interest?" asked the Judge.

"Dan always writes very, very interesting letters, and you know it—you are just as interested as I am, though you pretend you don't care a bit," said his daughter.

"Humph!" growled the Judge good humoredly; "I have to take a lot for granted then. Once upon a time, I had to read every letter from that young man word for word—nowadays I have to be content with as brief a summary as you care to give me. And I must say they are brief enough—if all the lawyers in my court were as phlegmatic in stating their cases as you are in giving me the contents of your letters from our mutual friend, Shrimp Slade, well—all I have to say is I would always be home in time for lunch and never get a scolding for being late."

Irene laughed.

"You dear goose, I really think at times you are getting jealous," said she.

"Don't you think perhaps there may be cause?" asked the Judge soberly.

"Never! Never! Never!" reiterated Irene, kissing her father on the forehead at each word for emphasis, "You are the dearest daddy in the world and no one can or will ever take your place in my heart. Don't be silly—you know the Shrimp, as you persist in calling him, thinks just as much of you almost as I do. But you frighten him so much that he is afraid to show his affection for you."

"He doesn't seem to be much afraid of you, then," said the Judge dryly. "You get at least six letters to my one. Now listen, gurly mine, I am honestly worried about your friendship with this young man. You know his history."

"There is absolutely no cause for worry, daddy," said Irene, a blush suffusing her cheeks. "You know I never would take any serious step regarding Dan without consulting you. Besides it isn't that serious at all. Dan has frankly admitted that he cares a whole lot for me—but

insists that it isn't fair to either of us to speak of love until he has made his mark in the world. Yes, I know his record. Poor boy, it is always present in his mind, too. You know, father, it is more than five years since that day in the court. Dan Slade, or the Shrimp, as everybody calls him—though how they can call such a big handsome man, 'Shrimp,' I cannot see—has more than kept his word. There's not a blemish on his record—he is devoutly religious, honest. Father Greeley—God rest him—thought the world of him. Father Clane told me, he loves Dan like a brother. There is no man more popular at St. Matt's and everybody calls him 'the man who plays square.' Seems to me he has lived down long ago any black spots in his past."

"All you say is perfectly true, my child," said the Judge in his most judicial manner, "but remember, it is your happiness that is at stake, and when it is a question of your happiness—" the Judge paused—coughed, and cleared his throat—a sob shook his body and a tear welled up in his eye.

"There, there, daddy," said Irene throwing her arms around his neck and putting her rosy cheek against his careworn face; "don't say another word. I know all that is in your dear old heart. Now listen—Dan wanted to wait and tell you this himself some day—but because you are worrying so much, I'll tell you now. Remember when I was out west for the holidays?"

"Yes," smiled the Judge, "and I remember your constant companion."

"Well, Danny drove me out to the college and he and Father Clane and I talked over our case. Father said it was his honest opinion that I could never find a better husband than Dan—but he thought both of us were silly to even think of marriage until Danny was able to make a living for both of us."

"Sensible Priest, that Father Clane," remarked the Judge.

"And, of course, you know Danny's plans," ignoring the interruption. "He is studying law at St. Matt's and will be finished in June. Then he is to spend six months in a lawyer's office in Chicago. After that he'll begin to practice for himself. In a year at most, he'll be a famous lawyer and then he can ask you to let him marry me."

The Judge threw back his head and laughed heartily—a laugh that would have stunned the criminals he had sentenced, had they only been able to hear it.

"Bless your heart, child," said he, "if Slade's future is as bright as your hopes—why then indeed your Shrimp will become a whale. Seriously, Irene, you know there are half a dozen young men with futures already assured, who are ready to throw themselves at your feet at the least sign of encouragement from you. Don't you think you might do better to cultivate one of these excellent young men, instead of waiting for the Shrimp—whose future is, to say the least, somewhat doubtful?"

"For shame, daddy," said Irene. "Your interested love of me is making you selfish. Did my dear dead mother act thus when she laughed at the proposals of half a dozen wealthy young men of her own set—to wait for you—a struggling young lawyer—just out of St. Matt's?"

The Judge was silent. His eyes strayed to the fireplace and in the dancing flame, Memory conjured up romantic scenes of days agone, when he, a struggling young lawyer, as Irene had said—had wooed and won the daughter of wealth and fashion who had had the whole social world at her feet. Finally he sighed gently and murmured, "You are right, Irene, your mother and I were happy. It isn't always wealth or success that count at first. The best help to success is the encouragement of a noble woman. God knows your dear mother was that." And again the Judge fell to musing on the pictures Fancy drew in the glowing grate.

At last he raised his head and kissed his daughter.

"May God bring out all things for the best, child," he whispered. "Only one doubt assails me. Dan—your Dan and mine—has been shielded all these years from the evil influences of his early companions. I wonder what would happen if they were to come into his life again."

"You need not worry a bit about that," said Irene. "They have come into his life and tried to tempt him, and Dan acted just like Father Clane and you and I would expect him to act."

"Why, girl, you astonish me," said the Judge. "When and how did all this happen?"

"Oh, daddy, you are prying all my secrets out of me tonight," said Irene teasingly. "That's another thing Danny wanted to tell you about himself. In fact, it's in his letter that I was just reading when you began to tease me. He told me that he was writing a long letter to you on that and another important question."

"Well," said the Judge shaking his head resignedly, "I suppose I'll

have to wait till I get his letter, then. But I'll admit I am liable to perish of curiosity before it arrives."

"In that case I'm sure Dan would want me to save your life," said Irene, laughter dancing in her sparkling eyes. "Now listen. You know, of course, Danny has been interested in Marathon running."

"In Marathon running!" ejaculated the Judge. "Rather I should say he has been interested in every form of athletics. Who was the Western college pitcher, the big league scouts have been trying in vain for three years to get? Who was stroke of the insignificant Western crew that soundly trounced the Navy on their Western exhibition tour? Who was captain and center of the basket ball team that brought the Conference Cup to a Catholic college for the first time? I don't know much about his Marathon interests; but it seems to me the name of Shrimp Slade has become rather well known in the sporting columns in the last two years."

"Yes, I know, daddy," responded Irene, "but you see, Dan likes to do big things. Bigger things than anybody else. In fact, he says that since the Shrimp set out to became a whale—he can't be satisfied with doing just ordinary things for St. Matt's that any athlete could accomplish. He loves the old college and before he leaves, he wants to put her name in a niche of athletic fame that has never been occupied by a college before. He thinks distinguishing himself in a marathon would do that very thing for St. Matt's."

"Humph!" mused the Judge. "I have no doubt it would. There is no college competition over such a long distance and any college coach would balk at allowing any of his cross country men to participate in a run of over twenty-five miles. So our mutual friend the Shrimp has logic at least in his favor. But how about his ability? First of all, can he compete with men who have been at this game for years? Can he endure the gruelling grind of such a long distance?"

"His letter answers those questions," said Irene, picking up and scanning the pages of the letter she had allowed to fall to the floor. "Here is what he says: 'Two years ago, I discovered that I lacked anything worthy of the name of speed. The games and sports in which I represented the college all required endurance rather than speed. You will notice that my baseball games were won by an ability to keep pitching nine innings or more with no sign of weakening. In rowing, most of all, it is the man who still has strength and wind at the end, who

helps his crew to victory. Likewise in basket ball, any scores or seemingly brilliant plays credited to me always came toward the end of the last half when the others were tired. To tell the truth, I seem possessed of lots of endurance—but as I said, of no real speed. Our coach at St. Matt's did not take long to discover this; then he begged me to come out and try for the track team, as he was short of runners. In the sprints, I was nowhere. At the longer distances, I could do a mile in five minutes, which is far from good time. However, I found I could keep this pace up almost indefinitely. In fact, for the three miles, I was just under fifteen minutes and in the interscholastic five mile run, I finished fourth in a little less than twenty-five minutes. However, I was beaten at ten miles by speedier runners, though I finished freshest of the lot. So I found there was nothing in college running for which I could qualify, as the scholastics never go in for longer distances than ten miles. I pointed this out to the coach, and he jokingly agreed with me, and said he supposed my only hope would be a marathon. His joke gave me my idea of putting St. Matt's on the map through the marathon. I tried myself out at the distance and found that after two month's training I could cover the marathon distance on the track in about two hours and a half. Of course, it will be different running on the roads—up hill and down—but I have plenty of endurance.' So you see, daddy, he can do the distance."

"But how about actual competition?" asked the Judge. "Marathon runners of ability are few and far between. Hayes, Dorando and other wonder men at that distance turned in one or other great performance but were soon seen to be slipping. I have my doubts about your friend's ability to compete with seasoned marathoners, since he is only a college man."

"That shows you are more interested in police court news and in market reports than in the sporting pages of the newspapers," replied Irene. "If you had read last week's Sunday papers, among the sporting news you would have found that the first marathon of the season was run at Detroit on Saturday and that a college man, Dan Slade, finished ninth, in competition with such men as Zenor—the Spaniard, Dewar, the Franco-American Star—and Herodes, the Greek. You know among marathoners, the first ten to finish are counted honor men. Dan says he finished far back; but that was because he was over-

anxious to make certain of his ability to cover the whole distance and held back too long."

"Well, well, the boy is certainly doing well; but what has the marathon to do with the question which opened this discussion?" asked the Judge.

"You mean his meeting with old companions?" asked Irene.

"Precisely," responded the Judge.

"Dan never mentioned it until his present letter," said Irene soberly. "He says he didn't want to worry us. But it seems they have been annoying him for almost two years. When the present District Attorney made New York too hot to hold them, many of the gang transferred the scene of their operations to Chicago. Dan was playing in the basketball tournament and one of them recognized him as 'the Shrimp' of old days. They saw in the new Dan an opportunity for working in higher circles. They wanted him to act as 'spotter'; that is, to point out to them likely victims for robbery and burglary, and to open up access to the homes of his wealthy friends for the crooks. Danny laughed at them and they threatened to expose his criminal record to his associates. Dan told them to go ahead if they thought they could afford to make their presence in Chicago known to the police. In one of their burglaries they left evidence behind which might have caused suspicion to point to him had he not been spending the night with Father Clane's brother. Finally, a thug named Orgo—Dan says he is known as the Gorilla—"

"I remember him well," interjected the Judge; "I had the pleasure of sentencing him to five years in Sing Sing and was sorry I could not give him more. Seems to me he was released only some six months ago."

"That must be the man," said Irene. "Well, at any rate, he tried to do away with Dan entirely—said he knew too much for the good of the gang. So he lured him on a false message to the Lakeside—felled the poor boy with a club, and was about to throw him into the Lake when Father Clane and some students arrived on the scene. They—at least the students—and I suspect the good Priest—administered a well deserved beating to the thugs, and the police captured the gorilla. Dan, however, refused to prosecute and the police allowed the gorilla to go free on condition he would leave the city at once. He left, vowing vengeance on the Shrimp."

"The boy had better be careful, then," said the Judge, puffing at his

pipe, which Irene had filled and lighted. "That man will stop at nothing."

"Dan doesn't seem to be much afraid," said his daughter. "However, he asked Father Clane to tell his classmates his former history, as concealment could not be possible much longer. The Priest did so. But this is where the Marathon comes in. As you know, Dan hasn't come East since his trial because of the danger of meeting his former friends. But since this has happened in spite of all precautions, he wants your permission to come East for the Boston Marathon, April 19."

"My permission?" asked the Judge. "Why he is free to do as he pleases."

"I know," said Irene gently. "But he regards you as a sort of guardian and doesn't want to take so unusual a step without your permission, since he agreed to stay in the West until you told him to return East."

"God bless the boy," said the Judge. "Tell him to come by all means. Not only may he enter the Boston Marathon—but, please God, you and I will be there to see him run. Now, dear, I'm tired and have a hard day ahead of me tomorrow. So let us say our prayers and go to bed." And the Judge arose and kissed his daughter good night.

DOOLEY ON THE COURT PROCEDURE

Recent trials have moved Dooley to write some trenchant satire. After describing the serious and prompt way in which justice was once administered, he turns to our modern form.

"But nowadays a thrile ain't somber an' businesslike th' way it wanst was. It's like a circus or a vowdyville show or th' Follies. An' that's th' way it ought to be. It ought to be f'r th' public amusemint. Th' idee is that if justice isn't made more lively an' frolicsome people won't pay f'r it.

"I think it could be improved, Hinnissy. It's a little amichoorigh at prisint. There has been some good mateeryal in recent thriles. But manny iv th' lines ought to cut. There ought to be more incidental music. A little buck an' wing dancing wuddn't do any harm while the coort was lookin' up th' law in th' morning pa-apers."

There is much food for thought in the accounts of some recent trials.

Catholic Anecdotes

A LESSON IN LIBERTY

In his lecture on the "Story of Arachne," John Ruskin speaks of the thanks he owes his parents for "four pieces of education," to which, as he admits, he was indebted for whatever happiness or power remained in him. The first of the these blessings was that he was taught to be obedient:

"That discipline," says Ruskin, "began very early. One evening—my mother being rather proud of this, told me the story often—when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea urn which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose; but I was resolute about it. My mother bid me keep my fingers back; I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said:

"'Let him touch it, nurse.'

"So I touched it, and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word liberty. It was the first piece of liberty I got; and the last which, for some time, I asked for."

There are some, it seems, who cannot learn the meaning of the word liberty without burning, not their fingers, but their souls.

A MAN'S PRAYER

Recently I came upon the following prayer:

"Teach me that sixty minutes make an hour, sixteen ounces make a pound, and one hundred cents a dollar. Help me so to live that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and that, in earning it, I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, and reveal to me my own. Guide me so that each night when I look across the table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal. Keep me young enough to

laugh with little children, and sympathetic enough to be considerate to old age. And, when comes the day of darkened shades and the smell of flowers, the tread of footsteps in the front yard, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple: 'Here lies a man.'

Of course, God might have been mentioned at least once in the prayer. But there is something about it that is worth noticing. It comes down to brass tacks. It asks for help and guidance in every day duties; it insists on what are called the natural virtues. And these are worth recalling to the minds of men, and women for all that.

THE REASON WHY

The other day we happened to be in a neighboring city. On a street car were half a dozen men, one of them a Priest, and one woman. The woman occupied a seat next to the Priest. It could easily be seen that they were not acquaintances.

Presently a church came into view, and, strange to relate, every man save one lifted his hat. They were Catholics and the church bore a cross. The woman saw it and was evidently surprised. She turned to the Priest and excusing herself, said:

"Tell me, please, why do you lift your hat when you pass a church?"

The clergyman was evidently taken by surprise, for he did not reply at once. Finally he answered simply:

"Our Lord is there."

Then there was a silence of several moments, followed by questions and answers. At last, as the Priest prepared to leave the car, we heard the woman say:

"If I could believe that my Saviour was in the church, I would spend the rest of my days there in adoration."—*Catholic Light.*

A MAY CAROL

"Lift up your drowsy little heads,"
Said Morning to the flow'rs,
"The Moon and Stars have gone to rest,
And now the earth is ours
To deck anew with colors bright,
For 'tis the month of May,
When sorrow-laden hearts grow light,
And pilgrims wend their way
To Mary's Shrine—the lovely Queen
Who waits there all the while,
To bear their sighs to God's own throne,
And win for them His Smile."

—M. E. Bowen.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY

October is the second month of Our Lady.

June is the month of roses—October is the month of the Rosary.

The rosary is not merely a string of beads. That may be the stalk; the flowers, with all their beauty and fragrance, are the Hail Mary's we say on them.

It matters little whether the beads be of wood or pearl; it matters little whether they be held together with links of iron or of gold.

The best rosary is the old rosary—that has gone through life's vicissitudes with us—over which the tears fell in hours of sadness—which slipped through our fingers in times of trouble—which helped our meditations by the bedside or under the clear white stars at night.

But what counts—what makes the cheapest rosary valuable—is the devotion we put into our Hail Mary's and our meditations on the mysteries of Our Lady's Life and of Our Lord's.

The stars of heaven linked together would not be half so brilliant in the eyes of God.

DEFENSE DAY

Self-preservation, national integrity, security; words ringing through the nation while its men, women and children turn their thoughts to things of war and bloodshed—and recall the nightmare of long months' standing not so very long past.

“Citizen preparation,” quotes an editorial from the words of General Pershing, “is the least costly and the surest form of insurance against war; the best guarantee of peace.”

Words that bear thoughtful study in these days of electioneering when subtle anti-Catholic forces are at work.

Citizen preparation! What better preparation for citizens than the forming of characters trained to recognize legitimate authority and the consequent obligation of obedience to it. What better preparation for

citizens than the training in principles of morality that will stand the test of modern frivolity and endure under the stress of sacrifice.

Such preparation is not the work of one day, albeit filled from dawn to dusk with the highest kind of enthusiasm. A slow, patient process that must begin with the dawn of reason at least and continue through the years till the child steps forth into life, a fully developed citizen.

But this is Catholic education!

AND MORE DEFENSE

The principle underlying the activities of Defense Day is the simple old truth that prevention is better than cure; preservation better than restoration.

It is a great thing to be able to repair the damages done in the past, be they spiritual or material. It is good to be able to read in past mistakes the lessons of the future.

But how much better, how much more in accord with hard common sense, to face the future before the mistakes are made and damage done, recognize the demands that will be made upon our resources, and plan accordingly?

Because others have made mistakes, is no reason why we should duplicate them.

But the Church warns her children of the mistakes that others have made, and with the sanction of Divine authority to lend weight to her words, warns them of future dangers. Surely an incentive to spiritual defense.

Thoughtful Catholics, let every day be Defense Day for you.

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

"I think, Father," said the regular churchgoer, "I'll stop going to Communion for a while; I am growing so familiar with it, it is becoming a mere matter of routine for me."

"Doctor," said the patient, "I am growing so accustomed to this medicine it seems to have no more effect on my system; I think I shall stop."

"Stop nothing," said the Doctor. "It is the one thing that kept you alive. Double the dose!"

We might make the same reply to the communicant. And since the value of Holy Communion depends also on the dispositions of the one who receives, we would add: Try to improve your preparation and thanksgiving. For the rest, you do not go to Communion just for the sake of a few moments of sweet consolation and spiritual delight for yourself. Communion is a food and a medicine—it works even when no signs appear.

"Virtue went out from Him."

POLITICS AND PRINCIPLE

With the approach of November and the national elections, attention is drawn by half-informed individuals to the fictitious "position of the Catholic Church" in politics. And the half-informed Catholic is ready with his evasive answer, an answer that invariably does more damage than good.

Let the half-informed Catholic become fully informed and be prepared to tell his inquiring neighbor that the Catholic Church enters no further into politics than to remind Catholic citizens of their duty to their country.

They should cast their vote as good citizens. It is a civic duty. How they cast their vote is left to their judgment—as good citizens.

The sand-box orator and the country-store diplomat and statesman are memories. But similar to these antiquated specimens of American intelligence, is the man who grumbles constantly over governmental ills and then fails to use his power at the polls to rectify as far as he can, these same ills concerning which he complains. And the Catholic citizen is no exception. The alibi that his vote would make no difference has lost weight long ago.

It takes time and a mite of trouble. But it is a duty.

THE EXPLANATION

It was in one way sad that the papers felt themselves called on, in connection with a recent notorious trial, to publish the philosophy of Clarence Darrow.

But—sad as we are to see the publicity given to such blasphemous

nonsense—we are glad to have it clearly pointed out just why justice can be flouted. Darrow's views would probably be hailed by many a university professor, who while he hesitates to speak so openly, covertly insinuates them into his lectures.

"I think no one can be an optimist unless he believes in a future life which must be an improvement on this one. Every religion I am familiar with—and religion is my long suit—every one of them is practically based upon the idea that life is not worth while unless God is in heaven and all is well with the world. He is going to pay us for what He has done to us here.

"Now that does not satisfy for two reasons: First, there is no proof of God or heaven and second, if you assume it, you must have no reason to assume that the Lord will do better in the next world than He did in this!"

"Life," he declares, "is an unpleasant interruption of a peaceful nothingness."

Then we ought to be thankful for being murdered; the murderer is our greatest benefactor!

THE BURDEN OF PROOF

It is a good policy and good logic to make the loud-mouthed purveyors of materialism and scoffers at religion prove their assertions and negations.

Lyman Abbott, a prominent non-Catholic preacher and writer, shows this. He writes:

"I once asked a professor of philosophy of international reputation in one of our universities:

"What do you say to your students when they ask you why you believe in immortality?"

"I answer," he replied, 'by asking them why they believe in mortality.'

"Why, indeed? Why should the decay of the body be thought to indicate the decay of the spirit?

"The body is in a state of perpetual decay and repair. With every exertion, physical or mental, some part of the body dies. We are engaged in a perpetual repair and rebuilding of a perpetually decaying body. The octogenarian has had probably eight or ten different bodies

during his lifetime. It is not probable that any atom in my present body was in it seventy years ago. Death has been busy with me for over eighty years.

"But I am still Lyman Abbott, and I hope a wiser and better man than I was three quarters of a century ago. The spirit has not only survived all this continuous bodily decay, but has grown wiser and better.

"Why believe that when final decay comes the decay of the spirit should accompany it?"

We have a right to shift the burden of proof to the other side.

MORAL COURAGE

"Father," said a convert, quoted in *The Sentinel*, "do you know that I and my family are Catholic because I once met a manly Catholic? I was going to one of our medical conventions. My companion was a young Catholic doctor. There was a banquet on Saturday night and we had planned to take the eight o'clock train on Sunday morning. It was midnight when we reached the hotel, and I was requesting the desk clerk to have us called at seven o'clock, when my Catholic friend quietly instructed the clerk to call him at five-thirty, so that he could hear Mass at six o'clock and be back in time to meet me. I protested that it was nearly one o'clock and that he needed his sleep.

"He smiled at me good-naturedly and that was all. I heard him slip quietly off to Mass, and instead of enjoying an hour and a half of extra sleep, I lay there thinking that this man's religion must mean something to him. That started me in my study of the Catholic religion.

"Father, had that man been a moral coward and stayed in bed, my family and I should not now be in the one true Church of Christ. That man brought me into the Church, and I hope to imitate him. That is why I condemn the apologetic type of Catholic."

After all, the distinguishing mark of every genuine Christian is the practical imitation of the Loving Heart of Jesus—the exercise of fraternal charity.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

MARY THE PERPETUAL HELP OF CHRISTIANS

PETER NEUSES, C. Ss. R.

When we stand at the beginning of the month of May and again hear of the May-devotions and May-processions we sometimes wonder just why this same story greets our ears every year. And as the month of October approaches we are also reminded that every day should we honor the Blessed Queen of heaven by reciting her rosary. Again—why ever year?

It is, dear Reader, the Church's response to the clamor of her children's hearts. The Church, ever solicitous for the welfare of her children, has told them almost from the very beginning to go to Mary in all their difficulties. Obedient children that they were they have listened to her kindly advice and found that she has not deceived them. They have gone to Mary and found Mary just what the Church has represented her to be—and more. It is this filial piety of Christians that has led her to give over to Mary's special honor the two loveliest months of the year; May will all its flowers and October with all its fruits.

Mary has ever shown herself the Mother of perpetual Help in the needs of the Church. Let us go back to the time when the Moslem hordes were threatening the whole of Europe. The eye of the brutal Turk was on the fairest provinces of Europe, and he was bidding fair soon to have them in his hands unless Christian Princes bestirred themselves and hurled back his armies. No one realized better than the saintly Pope Pius V the full terror that would be visited upon all captive peoples. The call to arms had been sounded. Already were the Christian armies preparing to meet the enemy of their religion and their homes. Realizing that the mere power of armies and fleets alone could do nothing, the Holy Father ordered that in October the entire Christian world should beseech the Mother of God to intercede in its behalf. The Rosary was the prayer prescribed. And behold, at the very hour when the Christian world was on its knees the small

Venetian fleet encounters the enemy in the waters of the Adriatic Sea. Smaller by far and not nearly so well equipped the valiant Venetians give battle. At first the tide of battle is against them. But the confidence of all Christendom must not be shaken. Mary obtains for her clients the great boon of victory, and the Turk is forever driven from the fairest parts of Europe.

Yes, that battle of Lepanto, won in spite of the greatest odds, is only one of the many proofs of Mary's perpetual Help in the time of universal need.

Again. Napoleon is at the height of his power. He does not hesitate to cast a sacrilegious eye upon the Heritage of Peter—the States of the Church. And even the Holy Father must needs be his subject. He takes first the Papal States by the force of arms. But he has not yet succeeded in breaking the spirited resistance of the Holy Father to this usurpation. Therefore, he takes Pius VII captive and imprisons him in Fontainebleau. The Holy Father suffers the indignity, but asks the Faithful to pray that our Blessed Lady again prove herself a protector of the Church's interests. Nor does she fail him. Scarcely have the Faithful fulfilled their vows, when the mighty Napoleon is defeated and himself taken to a prison on the Island of Elba. The Holy Father returns to take possession of his exalted throne amid the rejoicings of all his subjects. Mary has not failed him in his confidence.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

“Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I promised publication if you would help me pass the teachers' examination and get a school. As both requests were granted, I am pleased to fulfill my promise.”

“Some weeks ago my sister swallowed a bone that lodged cross-wise in her throat, and could not be gotten up or down by any effort. I promised our Lady of Perpetual Help to publish my thanksgiving if she would help. Finally the doctor after using instruments managed to push it down and she obtained relief. Thanks to the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Perpetual Help.”

“Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I thank you for having obtained for me improved health and steady work for the past few months. Also for more happiness at home and I am having a High mass said in your honor in thanksgiving.”

Catholic Events

The New Seminary of the Redemptorist Fathers situated on Lake La Belle, Oconomowoc, Wis.—the home of the *Liguorian*,—was solemnly dedicated on Monday, Sept. 8. His Grace, Most Rev. Sebastian G. Messmer, Archbishop of Milwaukee, performed the dedication and was celebrant of the solemn pontifical Mass. Deacon and subdeacon of honor were the Very Rev. James Barron, C. Ss. R., Provincial of the Eastern Province of the Redemptorist Order, and Very Rev. Arthur T. Coughlan, C. Ss. R., Provincial of the Toronto (Canada) Province. The deacon and subdeacon of the Mass were the Very Rev. Jos. Chapoton, C. Ss. R., Vice-provincial of the Pacific Vice Province, and Rev. J. Kelz, Provincial Consultor of the Toronto Province. The Very Rev. Edward K. Cantwell, C. Ss. R., Provincial of the St. Louis Province, acted as Archpriest.

There were present in the sanctuary also the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Bernard G. Traudt, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, and Right Rev. Aug. C. Braig, President of St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wis. A great number of the clergy of the diocese graced the occasion with their presence.

Despite the chilly and threatening weather a great crowd of people,—friends, well-wishers and relatives of the Fathers gathered in the chapel to attend the dedication services. During the day the seminary and monastery building was thrown open to the public.

The sermon was delivered by the Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C. Ss. R.,—known to readers of the *Liguorian* as “Father Tim Casey.” He was Rector of the Seminary from 1915 to 1918, and was just recently relieved of the burden of the Superiorship of the St. Louis Province of the Order. It was he who conceived the idea of building the new Seminary and under his direction and encouragement it was carried to its completion.

The Students’ Choir had been trained for the occasion by Prof. S. S. Mullen of Oconomowoc, and with him presiding at the organ and Rev. F. X. Schwinn of Watertown directing, the music of the Mass was rendered in masterly fashion.

The new Seminary is built in old monastic style preserving most features of ancient ecclesiastical building. It was erected by the Hutter Construction Company of Fond du Lac, and was designed by Eschweiler and Eschweiler, Architects, of Milwaukee. It is to be used as the House of Higher Studies for the St. Louis Province of the Redemptorist Order. Here students, having gone through the six years’ preparatory course at Kirkwood, Mo., and the year’s Novitiate at De Soto, Mo., spend six years in the pursuit of their philosophical and theological studies. Here they are ordained to the priesthood, and from its portals they are sent out to all parts of the country to do missionary work.

What is thought to be the largest group of foreign missionaries sent out by any one society in America will leave this week for Maryknoll, N. Y., the home of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America. The group includes ten priests, two brothers and twelve sister. It will be divided between South China and Korea.

* * *

The first unit of American Catholic Laywomen to offer their services in the foreign missions leave this fall with the Holy Cross missionaries for Bengal, India. Miss Angela Steinmeyer, St. Louis Mullanphy Hospital; Miss Sophia Hoerner, Hospital for Women of Maryland, Baltimore; Miss Adele Steinmetz, the Jewish Hospital of St. Louis, and Miss Julia Super, St. Mary's Infirmary, Cairo, Ill., comprise the party. The customs of the country prohibit the Indian women from receiving medical aid from a man not of their own household, which makes the work of these American nurses of utmost importance in the Holy Cross mission field.

* * *

Cardinal Hayes of New York has appointed the Rev. John J. Mitty, D.D., pastor of St. Luke's parish, New York, as his personal representative on industrial questions. Doctor Mitty is also to act as director of industrial relations. This is the first such appointment in the United States. The appointment was brought about by the increased interest shown in the teaching of the Catholic Church on industrial questions. The work has grown to such an extent that Cardinal Hayes chose Doctor Mitty to take charge if it.

* * *

Arthur Nash, known as "Golden Rule Nash," a non-Catholic of Cincinnati, gave \$1,000 to Rev. Joseph Kiefer, S.J., who is promoting the Little Flower chapel for the St. Xavier College campus. In making his donation, Mr. Nash wrote: "My association with thousands of Catholics in my factory has led me to the firm conclusion that the teachings of these people, relative to love of God and their fellow-men, has been entirely sound; and whenever we find an intolerant one, either among them or those of other faiths, we usually find the one intolerant to be one who is out of touch with the great work that is being done by the holy Catholic Church."

* * *

Announcement of the establishment at Marquette University of the world's first graduate school of dentistry giving degrees of bachelor of science in dentistry and master of science in dentistry, was made in Milwaukee by Rev. Albert C. Fox, president of the University, and Dr. Henry Banzhaf, dean of the college of dentistry. The Marquette graduate course can be looked upon as a step forward in dental education. It has been started to answer a demand from practising dentists for a complete course that will allow them to specialize instead of reviewing undergraduate work.

* * *

Catholics of China are asking the Holy See for the formation of a complete hierarchy. This is the best evidence of the growth of the Church there.

During the last few weeks the Vatican Secretariate of State has been busy with preparations for the conclusion of the Concordat with Roumania. The Romanian Government sent a special commission for the purpose.

* * *

By a special letter of the Holy Father, Cardinal O'Connell was named the representative of the Pope at the National Holy Name Convention at Washington. The Holy Father wrote: "We need not say with what consolation we have heard this good news (of the spread of the Holy Name Society) which brings the same joy to our heart as it did to our predecessors, and now that we have received word that the first General Convention of the Holy Name Society is soon to be held in Washington in commemoration of the 650th anniversary of its foundation, under the Pontificate of Gregory X, we rejoice greatly, and considering the magnitude and importance of this great Convention, we choose you, our beloved son, that you may, in that Congress, act in our person and preside at the various gatherings and ceremonies in our name."

* * *

The Holy Name Convention opened Sept. 21. Archbishop Curley of Baltimore welcomed the Papal Legate: "You are welcome not only in the name of the immense membership of our Holy Name Societies, but also in the name of all American Catholics, for whom the personal representative of the Vicar of Christ is at all times an object of religious reverence and esteem. We are gathered in convention at the National Capital for no other purpose than to honor our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, and to renew our devotion to that religious belief and that moral life for which His name has stood for twenty centuries. It is meet and proper that the Vicar of Christ should be with us on such a solemn occasion, in the most intimate manner, and should encourage us in the name of our common Master to preserve in the letter and spirit of His Gospel."

* * *

By special wish of the Holy Father, visitors to the Vatican Missionary Exhibit will view in the first hall of the Exhibit, a large, beautiful plastic fac-simile of the Holy Land. It will be in terra cotta and will be the largest example of modelling in that material ever executed in any country. Prof. Marcellino is the sculptor who has made the model.

Cases of objects destined to be exhibited arrive daily. Up to a few days ago there were 79 cases from China, 10 from India, 52 from Africa, and a consignment of books destined for the Library has arrived from Cuba.

* * *

Addressing the Holy Name Convention at Washington, President Coolidge said: "Our Constitution guarantees civil, political and religious liberty, fully, completely and adequately; and provides that no religious tests shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States. This is the essence of freedom and toleration solemnly declared in the fundamental law of the land."

THE Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Is Miriam a Christian name?

Miriam is the Hebrew or better the Egyptian form of Mary and means: "The Beloved of God."

Must a girl, who feels called to the religious life, obtain her parents' consent before seeking admission?

She has no strict obligation to ask her parents' consent but it is only proper that she should do so. Parents would do wrong if they would withhold their consent, when one of their children is called to the religious life; if a girl expects that her parents will be unreasonably opposed she should seek advice from her confessor what is to be done in her case.

A friend of mine says that she has a crucifix, to which is attached a blessing by which a plenary indulgence is granted every time one kisses the crucifix. Could you tell me where I could procure a crucifix with such a blessing?

No, we could not tell you where to procure a crucifix with such an extraordinary blessing. Your friend is most likely mistaken and possesses a crucifix to which is attached a plenary indulgence, which is to be gained by those who are dying, and which does not lose its blessing when once used and need not belong to the one who is dying.

However if she insists that this plenary indulgence can also be gained by anyone outside the danger of death, she is perhaps the victim of a pious fraud, for on June 10, 1914, the Holy Office or Congregation of Cardinals in charge of such matters, declared that the power of attaching a plenary indulgence to the mere kissing of a crucifix outside the danger of death has never been granted to anyone.

In fact even in the case of the crucifix with the plenary indulgence attached to be gained at the hour of death, other conditions are generally to be fulfilled besides the kissing of the crucifix. The dying person, if possible must receive the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion; if this is not

possible, they must pronounce the Holy Name of Jesus with their lips or at least call upon the Name of Jesus in their hearts and also accept death with resignation to God's Will and as a punishment for sin.

Is it a mortal sin to come late to Mass, as long as you get there some time during the sermon?

It is probably not a mortal sin but it certainly is a venial sin, if you come late through your own fault for the Church prescribes the hearing of the whole Mass from the beginning to the end.

The catechism teaches that baptism can be received only once, why then do priests when they receive converts into the Church baptize them again, although these converts have already been baptized in their church?

It is true, baptism can be received only once; accordingly, if a priest is certain that the convert has been validly baptized before, he will not baptize such a convert again. But in the vast majority of cases, the priest is not certain that the person has been properly baptized and therefore since baptism is so necessary, he does not wish to take any chances and rebaptizes the convert conditionally. Considering the conflicting views of non-Catholics concerning baptism, there is every reason for thinking in a particular case that something essential may have been lacking in the administration of the sacrament unless there is positive proof that the baptism has been validly administered. If perhaps the first baptism was validly performed, the subsequent ceremony because of the condition, is not a sacrament at all.

Why do we make the sign of the cross on our forehead, mouth and heart before the reading of the gospel, and not in the usual way?

That almighty God, through the merits of Christ crucified, may give us the grace to understand the Gospel with our mind, to profess it with our mouth and to love it with our heart.

Some Good Books

Praelectiones Biblicae. Novum Testamentum, Vol. I. Introductio et Commentarius in Quatuor Evangeliorum Iesu Christi Evangelia. Altera Editio. By Rev. Adrian Simon, C. Ss. R. Published by Marietti, Turin and Rome.

The first edition of this work was published in 1920. Our review of it at that time was nothing but an enthusiastic eulogy. We are happy to see our forecast endorsed by actual facts. Bishops and Professors have lavished unstinted praise on the author's work. The rapid sale and loud demand for it, prove beyond doubt the worth of the book for student and priest.

This second edition is not merely a reprint. Many of the most important treatises have been thoroughly worked over. The number of pages has risen from 556 to 647.

Regarding Critical matters. We are struck by the method now brought into clearer relief, for proving the authorship of the Gospels. The matter is presented under two distinct propositions: 1) So and So wrote *A* Gospel, 2) This Gospel is identic with the one we possess. Thus the reader is in a better position to meet the objections of present-day critics. We cannot enumerate all the points of detail in which the author has enlarged his former work or reached new conclusions. A few indications may suffice to elicit interest: the meaning of the term "interpreter," pg. 10; the dates for the origin of St. Matthew's Gospel, pg. 50; of St. Mark's, pg. 55; the altered solution of the Synoptic problem, pg. 70; the relation of St. John to the Synoptic Gospels, especially St. Mark, pg. 87.

Regarding Exegetical matters. The author pursues a "harmonised" path. In this edition the Gospel of St. John is interwoven with the Synoptic Gospels. However, this change seems to be made under protest; see pg. 196, where the author expresses his mind regarding the journey of Our Lord given in St. Luke IX, 51-XVIII, 14 as compared with that of St. John VII, 11.

Almost every page shows traces of retouch: a new turn is given to a comment; fresh materials are injected into foot-notes; current discoveries or discussions are noted. The author now holds that St. Luke gives the genealogy of the Blessed Virgin.

Concerning practical utility. The contents are accessible to all, because the Latin is simple and clear. Students will find an up-to-date survey of current questions. Priests will receive an explanation of the Sunday Gospels that is solid, scientific and sufficiently exhaustive.

What Every Catholic Should Know.
By Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. Published by Frederick Pustet Co., New York. Price, 25c.

This little book presents in clear simple language what every Catholic should know concerning the Law of the Church. Many of the laws contained in the new Code of Canon Law oblige the faithful. And every obedient member of the Church should desire to know what these laws are. Father Lanslots' booklet will be helpful for all who wish to acquire such knowledge. An alphabetical index of subjects would have made the book even more serviceable.

Sister Celine: Poor Clare. Written by a Poor Clare. Abridged from the French life by R. M. B. Foster. Published by Burns and Oates, London. Price, \$0.45.

In last month's issue of the *Liguorian*, we reviewed a life of this saintly Sister, written especially for children. The present pamphlet of 96 pages is a more extended account of her life. It makes a most refreshing story. The simplicity and ingenuousness of it win one at once. In the midst of the hard and cold dealings of every day life, it comes like a breath from another world—a world to which our souls involuntarily tell us we belong. This is, no doubt, the reason why such innocent lives attract us.

Lucid Intervals

Gertie—"She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her." Bertie—"My hat! I told her not to tell you I told her." Gertie—"I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I told you."

Imogene—"Would you put yourself out for me?"

Eugene—"I certainly would!"

Imogene—"Well, then, please do. It's after twelve and I'm awfully tired."

"By golly," said the stranger who arrived at a small town on the Mississippi river, "you got a mighty big river here for such a small town."

"Doggone, I can't get the bus started. The engine is cold, I guess," growled Dumbbell.

"That's odd," said his wife. "I should think it would be the gears that were cold; you said they were stripped, while I noticed you had a blanket over the engine."

A visitor said to a little girl: "And what will you do, my dear, when you are as big as your mother?"

"Diet," said the modern child.

They are going to change the words of "Home, Sweet Home," to "Home, Sweet Motor Car."

Dear Office Cat: Please state in your columns what is good for fruit-tree worms. A. B.

A. B.—What's the matter with the worms?

The demonstrator's auto was speeding along a quiet country road.

"What cemetery are we passing?" asked the prospective buyer.

"Cemetery nothing! Why, man, those are milestones going by."

"Ah," said the doctor, looking into one eye, "it is easy for me to see what is the matter with you! This is not

merely eye trouble; it is an affection of the nervous system. There are all the signs of liver troubles, of fatty degeneration of the heart, of a bad blood supply. The only thing I can recommend is—"

"Here, here!" cried the patient. "Isn't it about time you looked into my other eye. That's my glass one, you know."

Said the bank teller to the new girl who was making a deposit: "You didn't foot it up."

"No," she said innocently, "I took a taxicab."

"Now it's jist like I was a-tellin' ye," said a grizzled old Irishman to a group of workmen. "Oncet when my gang was helpin' put up a skyscraper, I fell fer three stories an' it didn't hurt me nary a bit."

Here the stranger who had paused to listen remonstrated.

"But how could a person fall for three stories and not be hurt?" he sternly inquired.

"Well," replied the veteran, a twinkle creeping into his eye, "you've already fallen fer one, an' I guess fallin' fer two more won't hurt ye."

He thought it safer to write to the girl's father asking for her hand. He was an ardent lover, but a poor speller, and his note ran: "I want your daughter—the flour of your family."

"The flour of my family is good," replied the old man. "Are you sure it isn't my dough you're after?"

The husband, who had a great habit of teasing his wife, was out driving in the country with her, when they met a farmer driving a span of mules. Just as they were about to pass the farmer's rig the mules turned their heads toward the auto and brayed vociferously.

Turning to his wife, the husband cuttingly remarked: "Relatives of yours, I suppose?"

"Yes," said his wife sweetly, "by marriage."

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